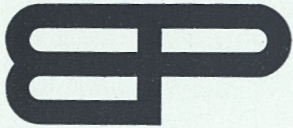




BLOCKPRINT



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ATTENTION

TO ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN APPLYING FOR THE EDITORSHIP OF BLOCKPRINT—DISREGARD A CIRCULAR DEPOSITED IN YOUR MAILBOX LAST WEEK BY JOHN JUROS OF THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE. THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE IS AN ORGANIZATION IN NAME ONLY. IT IS A POWERLESS EXTENSION OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL. THEY HAVE NO RIGHT TO DEMAND A NEWS STORY AND EDITORIAL FROM YOU—THEY HAVE NO RIGHT TO COERCE YOU INTO AN INTERVIEW—THEY HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAKE A DECISIVE ACTION IN THE SELECTION OF THE NEW EDITOR (AS OF MARCH 1st). THE NEW EDITOR WILL IN FACT BE CHOSEN BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF OF BLOCKPRINT—(AS EXPLAINED IN OUR CHARTER) AND THIS YEAR, PAST WORK ON THE PAPER WILL BE OUR PRIME CONSIDERATION.

DO NOT FALL FOR THIS CON-JOB BY JUROS. DO NOT LET HIM CONTINUE HIS PETTY "POLITICAL" JOB. DO NOT PAY LIP SERVICE TO THE PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE, DO NOT FALL FOR ANOTHER BUREAUCRATIC SCREW-JOB FROM YOUR "STUDENT GOVERNMENT."

IF INTERESTED IN THE EDITORSHIP, DROP YOUR NAME OFF IN THE BLOCKPRINT BOX IN THE SAO.

THE EDITORS (EMERITUS)

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COMMUNICATION FROM THE BLUEGRASS KID

John Kornhauser, the Bluegrass Kid, has flashed this piece to us en route to Mexico; and it concerns a way of life—he feels it will rise again, since it is timeless.

The Bluegrass Kid has been cooking these thoughts for several years and this serves as "STRICTLY INTRODUCTION for a more deep and dark study to be done later—" the Bluegrass Manifesto.

* * *

The revolution is on. Who will win? It is obvious. A victory of life over death. Less and less are people holding still for bullshit. Their lives mean something and must mean something or there will be change.

With the huge speed-up of the change process, the time lag now being five to seven years (even as I write this, it has shrunk), we have come to the point where change is accelerating in a geo-

metric progression rather than an arithmetic progression as before. Thus the changes from one year to another are now doubling and tripling instead of simply adding on. Technology is opening up things that were unheard of months ago, instead of years ago as it used to be.

The conclusion and, indeed, the vision, is that we are approaching a revolution of the mind in which change will come so rapidly that time (i.e. linear progression of events) will become meaningless.

When this moment arrives, only those things which are "timeless" will survive even though many wasted people will try, through chemical and electronic means, to make their lives and their brains "run a race against time." Such pop idols as the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and Donovan, have said that drugs are an escape from one reality to another. Not that that is news, but it is

interesting because it fits into the pattern of the rejection of the timely for the timeless. Art of a timely nature cannot accelerate itself fast enough because it depends so much on the limitations of the social environment from which it comes. We have already seen how the art world moves from creation of a style or gimmick by the artist to exploitation by the galleries and speculation by the wheeler-dealers, and finally to commercial production in the form of clothes and accessories. Since artists today are so close to industry as the source of their materials, it is only natural that they are in the forefront of discovering new uses for plastics, metals, glass, neon and other light effects, and sound production. Indeed, their ideas are often copied outright simply because of their originality and outrageousness.

Whether a partnership between industry and the artist is good or not is questionable. Billy Apple and Andy War-

hol seem to think it is. The advantages are clear: unlimited resources and materials and a ready market for finished works of art. I have always thought, however, that the artist is a man alone and an enemy of the establishment — not a pawn of it. But in an affluent jaded society, the artist is met not with hatred or understanding but mass acceptance. Thus, this year's angry young man is next year's fattened wheeler-dealer swamped with either record contracts and personal appearances or exhibitions and invitations.

Art of a timely nature is great as a social document and the reaction from it is good, too, but it is worthless as pure inspiration, e.g. the Beatles (oh sin of sins). The rise of the individual is coming and will come on.

Peter Stamphel prophesized, at least two years ago, that we were moving toward a world music. Now it seems possible. The timely will fall away leaving the true artists exposed. Rock cannot sustain itself for long on what it includes now. The pure rock revival, then folk rock, then the raga influence, then the R&B bands and finally now with the Electric Flag and Butterfield's new band, white interpreted soul music.

There are rumors about a new thing coming—a switch from Negro country music to white country music. Dylan is in Nashville and his next album is supposed to include pedal steel (the thing that looks like an electric ironing board). In the "great folk revival" of the fifties, the trend of interest in white music went from old-time fiddle and banjo to bluegrass to country and western. Just as the trend in Negro music went from ragtime to jugband to country blues to R&B, now it will be reversed. Except this time the trend back will include electric country and western in the style of Buck Owens. Can we expect sequined suits, cowboy hats, and "Howdy, neighbors, howdy" from the Young Rascals? Who knows? Who cares? Good tools (in this case the music) in the hands of people with no real understanding of the feeling of the music produce mediocrity.

Steve Cropper, a white blues guitarist who backed up Otis Redding and is a studio man for Stax Records in Mem-

phis, says "Bluegrass is white soul music." It's true. Bluegrass is every bit as introspective and country based as R&B. But it is white music and there is no doubt about it. The difference between the two is the attitude. Negro music is more direct than white—it is an outcry against oppression and the ridiculous in the form of a shout. Bluegrass is more subtle. Behind the facade of "happy hillbilly" music with fancy fiddling, banjo and songs about "a little old log cabin in the mountains" there is a realization that a way of life in which one must always go on without complaint, "until we meet up yonder" is self-destructive. Always there is the theme of "Judgment Before God," and "the Life Beyond." Since I hold a broader view of life than Baptist fundamentalism, I prefer to think of judgement before my own standards and living now when I sing "Wicked Path of Sin" or "Drifting Too Far From The Shore."

I am not a Negro, nor an Indian, and no matter what I did I don't think I could ever play anything but white country music. The attitude underneath is sad and deep and without escape.

Only two people that I know of in new music have transcended the split between white and Negro philosophy successfully. One is Charles Lloyd, a true prophet in jazz, and the other is John Fahey, a true prophet in what was once called "folk music." Lloyd needs no words here since he has been interpreted widely and well. Fahey is a strange man, a mysterious solo guitarist who seldom performs in public. His five albums on Takoma, one on Riverboat, and his latest on Vanguard (evidence that he has been discovered) all contain prophetic liner notes of great length in which is unwound the mental odyssey of Fahey through years of elation and despair. The form and style seem a mixture of William Burroughs and H. P. Lovecraft, removed, morbid yet sensitive and often triumphant. On his latest album he says, "I am quite free with my guitar. But I am not free of it . . . I myself am no freer than one of the strings on it. And in what does that freedom consist but to be tuned up or down—or to break. But a broken string is thrown away even if

it was 'dead' before, being no longer of any use to anyone at all. No, not that.

"The new social-action theologians (and many laymen as well) speak frequently of freedom these days—a new kind they say. But I know of only one perfect freedom and that comes to us instantaneously, at one time or another, or not at all, when we are given a chance to gamble. You hear about the game (which might frighten you) and then either you win the game or not. If you don't play, then you become (or remain) a slave. There is no middle way. And it is a rather grisly kind of gambling too, because you don't even know what the stakes are or the identity of your gambling partner. You have to take a chance—a big chance. But if you don't take that chance, don't choose to gamble, you lose your freedom until the next game—if there is one. There is no fall up (Tillich notwithstanding, and the pressing need for social action is self-evident to anyone who is awake.

"I know this from experience for I used to be a gambler—cards, dice, and I worked in a pool hall. Once a new shark came to town. He was an honest shark. He told everyone that he was looking for opponents that would play for big money. But I didn't feel like playing that day. So I didn't. Cowards are not free, even if—especially if, they are cowards no longer but were once. Thus I must pay. You can't bring the past up into the future. You can't have both at the same time. That's all there is to it.

"I'd like to find where that shark is and play him now, win or lose. But maybe that isn't my game anymore, and it wouldn't make any difference. I wonder what my game is, and if I'll be given a chance to play it with a worthy opponent. I certainly hope so."

This may seem very basic and elementary to you or it may appear as the foundation on which everything must be built, hence truly timeless and beautiful — whichever way it appears to you, it is and he is what is coming for all of us.

(The views expressed in this feature do not necessarily express the views of this magazine. Ed.)

ART AND THE STUDENT: PART I

unending
sweet
insipid
variations
of my fair lady
recalling memories of
Jackie Kennedy
on skis
and Arnold Palmer
shot a 72.

RISD is an art school, and as such dedicated to the improvement of the arts, not only here, but, indirectly everywhere, through its very existence. But we can see everywhere that what is being peddled off today as art is often times not worth the canvas it is painted on, the illustration board it is illustrated on or the steel it is welded from. Witness the general level of junk being palmed off in New York. As art students we can do something about it.

Logically the way to do it would be to stick your fingers in every pie; and one pie you can stick your finger in is your own. Are you not satisfied with the state of art today? You do something about it, because you can: to use a well-worn, but apropos, cliché, "Do your own thing."

A group of people here at RISD are trying to do just that — their "thing" is known as HYDRA, and they're doing it. HYDRA is welcome to the scene, not only for its own sake, but because it's the outlet all you wallflowers have been waiting for. It's a chance for you as a student to participate in a student initiated, student organized, student operation. It is indicative that a personal effort can be initiated; its success depends on your support and participation.

There are other ways for you to exert influence. Are you unsatisfied with the way galleries and museums operate? Or the way a newspaper is run? The secret is to do it yourself; next week look in these pages for one story of a RISD student who did exactly that.

Gerard Del Monte

The Green Grass and
Red Roses weren't
green and red enough
doop di booble di doop doop
doop di booble di doop doop
burning x 10 (17) or dodoooo de do
just add violins.
instant life.
But the sky is still falling
or
do be dedodoop
is it?

THE QUEST OF WINIFRED WOOMP

1. This is Winifred Woomph. On this particular day she was feeling very forlorn. She decided that she was not below-it-all, but rather far above it all. (Actually, Winnie is very realistic and knew she had a long way to go, but a higher adventure would do her some good!)

2. So, she lay and contemplated "possibilities."

3. Miss Woomph decided the only way to satisfy her irritation was to go off immediately and trust that she would find satisfaction. (She was all set to go when she heard a friendly noise under her flower. Could this be an omen?)

4. Winnie was delighted to find a furry purr in the grass. She proposed

that the purr accompany her in her quest. (The cat wondered what a "quest" was, but was a bit bored herself and agreed to go.)

5. As it happens, Winnies' companion turned out to be the notorious Korina and an adventure was right up her alley (that's how cats speak). They flew off, and enjoyed their flight, until they nearly crashed into a dense pile of foliage. It was all brilliant greens with purple velvet flowers. There were some petals on the ground and as they hadn't eaten since early morn (imagine, it was already suppertime!) they each chewed a few — then they gobbled all the petals as they were so delicious.

(Continued in Next Issue)

TAB IS FUN

FORMAL ON 50 CENTS OR THE PLUCK OF AN AMERICAN BOY

Those insidious masochists, those guilt-ridden, conscience tormented yoyos, whose abominations would befoul the very heavens were it not for the tragedy and pathos of their sad state that begs us to temper righteous anger with pity; they, whom I have so gracefully and aptly recently (yea, in this very sentence), described, are, in all likeliness, already engaged in the task of infesting your mind and besmirching the envious repute of the fair damoiselle TAB.

Heed them no more than you excite to the sound of regurgitation, and be equally unswayed by the lingering doubt as to the economies and proportionate pleasures of formality.

The very spirit of the TAB formal, ~~gracelessly~~ (in ~~stunning~~ counterpoise) proofread in a previous issue to read "more" of what you always thought a formal had to be, in lieu of the

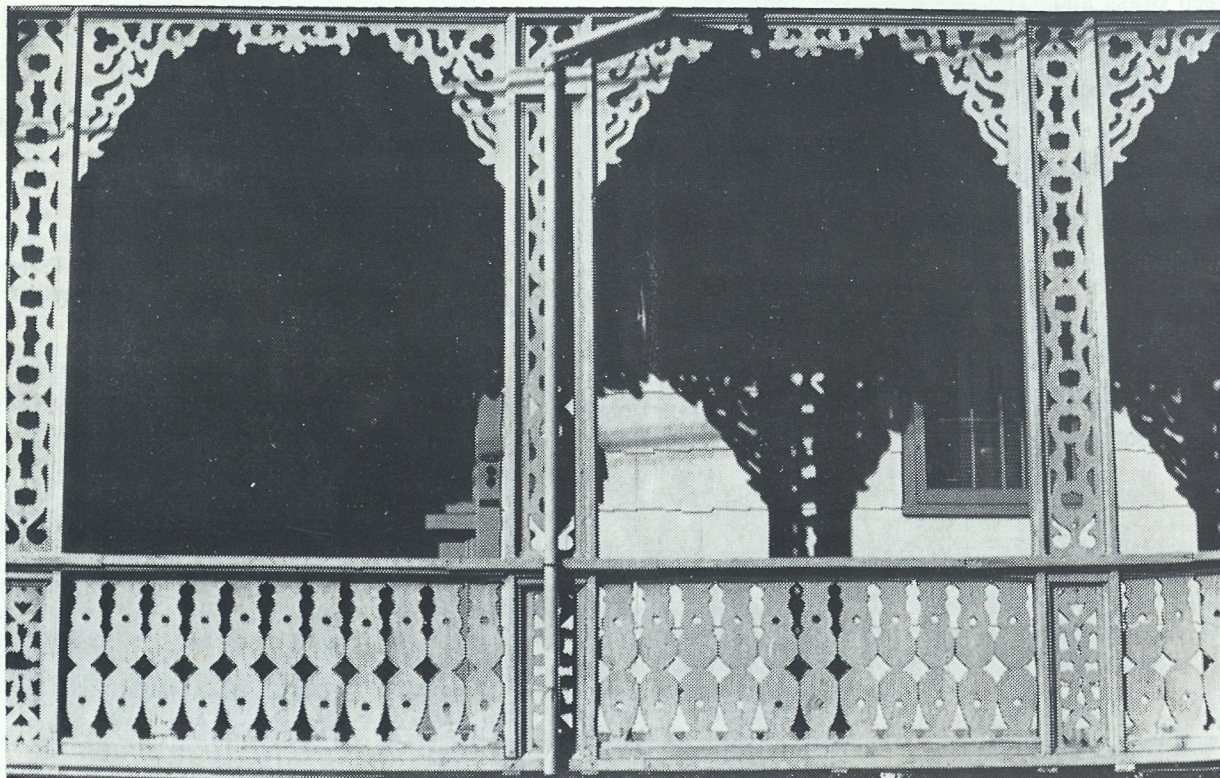
original "~~less~~" is not the spirit of etiquette to the very last letter, but rather lays the emphasis on the beauty of the cloth. We would rather you came in the most out-dated or out-landish, albeit possessing an air of distinction beyond that of the street, than in new, polite and conventional, white sports coat and red carnation. . . A formal, however you are accustomed to dress, can be an unbelievable giggle under these conditions, and will be. It also well becomes our maidens' beauty to an unprecedented extreme. Any girl invited to all but the formal has suffered beyond the wildest trespasses of decency and into the furthest realms of insult.

But to drop to less drunken realms, it is easily possible to go formal on less than five dollars, if not fifty cents! The secret is the Salvation Army (or if they're out, Volunteers of America, or maybe even Perry's). I did it on twenty cents myself. Twenty for a pair of Sal-

vation Army tux pants. A pair of tux pants are cheap second hand, and will make almost anything else you wear look fitting and proper. I bell-bottomed them myself, got a girl to sew them (all this took only about twenty minutes), stole a formal shirt from a stray laundry, used a silk scarf around my waist, spit polished the parts of my motorcycle boots that showed, and borrowed a jacket from a girl's dead great grandfather. I was beautiful. — Really. Ask Dean Lay. Don't!

Don't be afraid to improvise; it makes for a better event in the end and we want this formal to really move crazy. And it will. TAB, for all you swayed to feverish dreams by my eloquence, will be the 24th & 25th of February, and will cost about \$2.00 apiece for everything; more or less. Come. Come. COME. I can have plenty of fun there without you, but you can't.

crazy steve



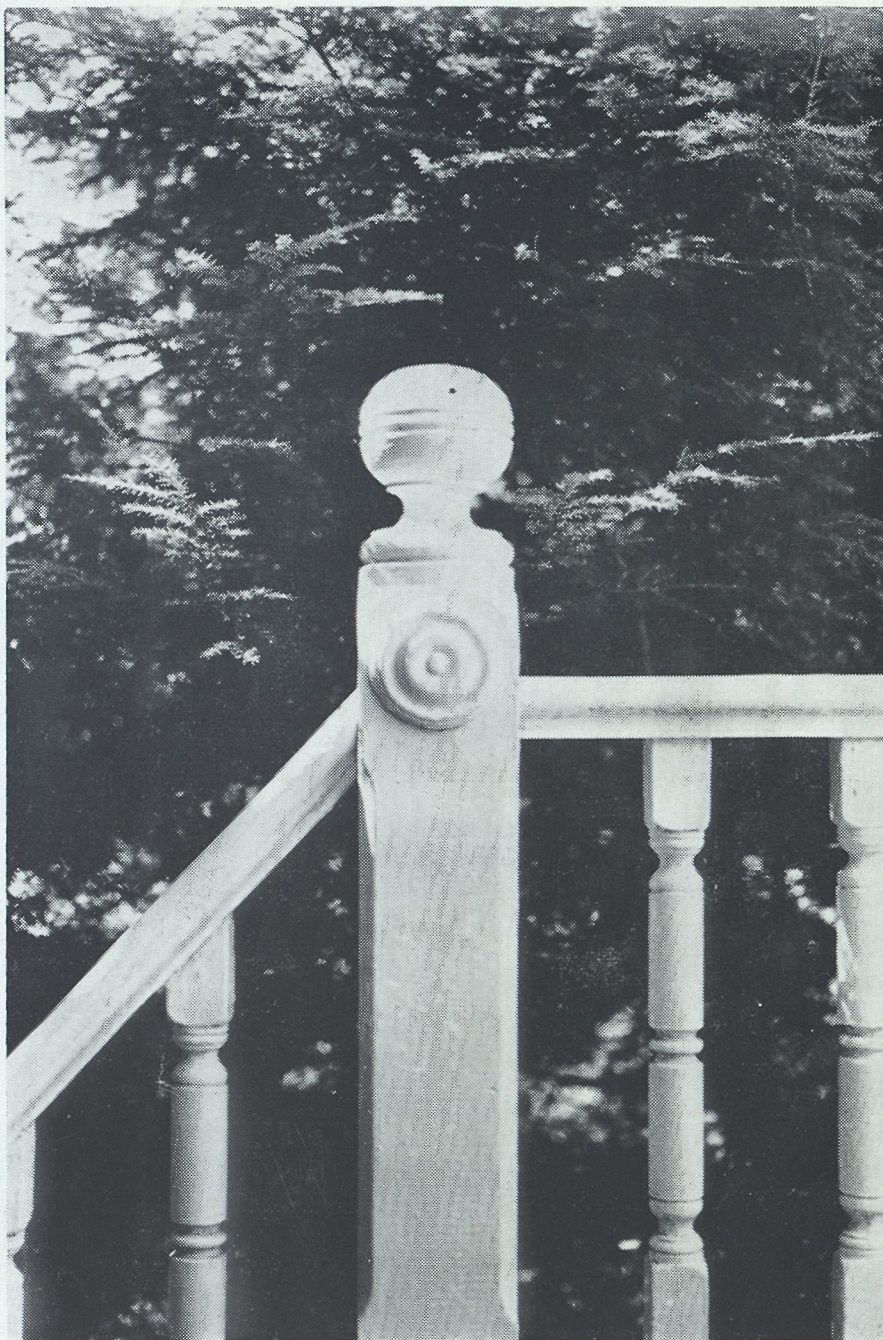
ROBERT FRANK

Swiss born Robert Frank will have a show at Benson Hall in the near future, consisting of 25 photographs taken from *The Americans* (New York edition, 1959, with text by Jack Kerouac). The photographs were taken throughout the United States after Frank became the first European to receive a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1959.

In a statement published in 1958, Frank stated, "I have been frequently accused of deliberately twisting subject matter to my point of view. Above all, I know that life for a photographer cannot be a matter of indifference. Opinion often consists of a kind of criticism. But criticism can come out of love. It is important to see what is invisible to others. Perhaps the look of hope or the look of sadness. Also, it is always the instantaneous reaction to oneself that produces a photograph . . . The work of two contemporary photographers, Bill Brandt, of England and the American, Walker Evans have influenced me. When I first looked at Walker Evans' photographs, I thought of something Malraux wrote: 'To transform destiny into awareness.' One is embarrassed to want so much for oneself. But how else are you going to justify your failure and your effort."

VISTA/PEACE

No longer do proud art students sensitively pose themselves against dying sunsets holding the red flag above the barricades in the death throes of the Paris commune. No longer are we allowed the time honored garret in which to freeze and starve in the consummation our noble drive. From this we sometimes feel we have lost our relevance to the world, a world in which the rich buy us and the rest scorn us. We are given a few opportunities to escape this cycle; when one appears we should well consider it. Vista is one of these. For a year plus a summer's training of your fast wasting life you can earn a couple hundred dollars and get away from our little arty world. And don't worry about being Johnson's economy flunky. You can screw him a lot worse working in VISTA than smashing your thick head against Pentagon steps.



"SHE IS THE QUALITY..."

She is the quality of an awaited yawn,
the haze of self-forgetfulness that

crosses
books and scattered papers
wreathing the smoker's head —
the gentle smoker of pipes:
he remembers her later
after the moment when earth her
element was truly round him.

She is what being is backwards
the gesture
identified only after its effortless
doing.

She falls on his sleepiness slowly
like snow
discovered on walking
formed in a moment
of fullness too full for reflection.

It is only later her form appears
the trees appear laden
with whiteness of form
the light lifting gently
the darkness
up from their reaching,
as she lifts a blanket
rises to wash
returning to gaze on him just
as he turns to her footstep.

Morning rebuilds the old
castle completely
all that is truly important
come of itself to his bedside
reminding him there
of the feats it was his pleasure to
perform
daily and nightly
for her fresh unknowing.

Nels Richardson

Turn the gals on with shiny red
short-shorts and matching warm-up
jackets. Get in on this groovy new craze
that's sweeping the college campuses.
The newest look. Great lounging clothes
for frat house or semi-formal for that
"in" casual look. Act now! The first
twenty customers will receive a free
basketball with their order. Don't miss
out on the latest "mod" innovation.
His and hers sets, too! Order now,
kittens and cats. Contact Dean Reutlin-
ger.

HYDRA

The Second Annual Student Sale-
Show will be open from 6 to 10 pm on
February 2, and 10 to 10 on February
3 in Memorial Hall.

Flat work should be brought to the
Fine Arts Office in the College Building
on January 31 and February 1.

Sculpture should be brought to the
show after 3:00 on Friday.

Publicity for the sale is out now on
all public announcements of radio and
TV, and will attract many potential buy-
ers.

Anyone interested in performing dur-
ing the Sale should reach Hydra, through
Blockprint, *immediately* for scheduling.

Anyone at all with film for the Film
Festival should reach Andy Ward —
box 587.

CALENDAR

MONDAY, JANUARY 22
Exams Start

TUESDAY, JANUARY 23
9:00 p.m. Tennis Club
Tennis sign up at SAO

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 24
6:30 p.m. rm. 430 — Motor Cycle
Club Meeting
8:00 p.m. Men Hall — Museum Lecture
Mr. W. Agee "Synchronism and Color
Principles in American Art."

FRIDAY, JANUARY 26
8:00 p.m. Tennis Club —
Choate School — Hockey with New
Haven College
Exams End

Anyone who knows of any white
artist who recorded on Bluenote Records
reach box 681.

R I S D STUDENT ART SALE/SHOW

NAME

TITLE

DESCRIPTION

PRICE N F S ☐

This signature confirms the originality of work.
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